

1977

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Horry County Historical Society

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# *The Independent Republic Quarterly*

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SPRING 1977

NO. 2



## **CANE BRANCH BAPTIST CHURCH ROUTE 3 LORIS, S.C.**

Published quarterly by the Horry County Historical Society, 1008 Fifth Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526. Second class postage paid at Conway, S.C. 29526.



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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY

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*The County with a heart  
That will win your heart*  
Ernest Richardson

HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS

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**SCHEDULE OF SOCIETY MEETINGS FOR 1976**

**Regular Society Meeting:**

January 10, 1977  
April, Date to be announced  
July 11, 1977  
October 10, 1977

**Board of Directors Meetings:**

March 14, 1977  
June 13, 1977  
September 12, 1977  
December 12, 1977

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*Miss Florence Theodora Epps*

**Please mark these dates on your Calendar.**

Dues: \$5.00 annually for individuals; \$7.50 for married couples and \$3.00 for students. Checks may be sent to F.A. Green, 402 - 43rd Avenue North, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577. One subscription to the *QUARTERLY* is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are \$10.00.

Material for the *QUARTERLY* may be submitted to Mr. John P. Cartrette, 1008 - 5th Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526.

Back issues of the *QUARTERLY* may be obtained for \$2.00 each plus .25 cents postage from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526, as long as they are in print.

Copies of the 1880 *CENSUS OF HORRY COUNTY, S.C.* may be obtained by writing the *Horry County Historical Society*, 1008 Fifth Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526, or in person from the Horry County Memorial Library. The price is \$7.50.



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## INFORMATION SOUGHT

PATTERSON, FUTRELL. "Each of my grandparents, Patterson and Futrell, came from Henry County, Lewis, S.C., and we are trying to find out all we can about them." - Mrs. S.P. Taylor, Sr., P.O. Box 1, Woodbine, Georgia 31589

ROWELL. "During the past year I've been trying to work on my mother's family, the Rowells. I've gone back to my great-grandfather, William, found a copy of his will, his estate including 20000-lb. shadings and slaves by name, but would you believe I can't find out who his father was? William's mother was Mary Ann of William and Schmitt's daughter. Mrs. James H. Futrell, 117 Holly Drive, Hartsville, S.C. 29550

JORDAN. Do you know anyone who



April 21, 1977

Dear Friends:

Many of you may not be aware that the Board of Directors of the Society regularly meets one month before the quarterly meetings of the whole membership. The meetings are held on the second Monday evening of each March, June, September, and December at the Horry County Memorial Library. Any member who wishes to bring a matter before the Board should get in touch with one of the directors or officers and arrange to be placed on the agenda.

At the last Board meeting I appointed two committees which will assist me during my term as president. Although this was reported to the membership at the last quarterly meeting, I think there will be members who could not be present at Cartwheel Center who may wish to know what these committees will be doing.

The first is an Awards Committee: Gene Anderson, chairman, W.H. Long and Gladys Bellamy. As you know, the Ernest Richardson Award was established more than a year ago and John P. Cartrette was the first recipient. The award will not be given on any regular basis - that is, annually, etc. - but whenever the Society wishes to honor someone for outstanding service to the Society. It seems wise, therefore, to have a committee to receive your nominations for this award and make recommendations to the Board regarding them. If you wish to nominate someone for the Richardson Award, please put your nomination in writing, explaining your reasons for feeling it is deserved, and mail or give this document to a member of the Awards Committee.

The second is a Special Projects Committee: Madeleine Stevens, chairman, Althea Heniford, Lacy Hucks, and Ted Green. This group could also be called a planning group. Its purpose is to recommend to the Board any project which it feels the Society ought to undertake to further the aims of the organization. Any member who has ideas which ought to be considered by this group should put them in writing in sufficient detail to enable the committee to give them due consideration.

We greatly enjoyed the quarterly meeting at Cartwheel Center and the tour which followed. We thank James Blanton and all his friends in Floyds Township who worked so hard to give us a very informative program and a day of good fellowship which we will long remember. Much of the information developed for that program will be printed in the Summer IRQ.

I'd like to remind you that you will get more out of your membership in the Society if you become active in it - attend meetings, write for IRQ, catalog a cemetery, do a family history, take pictures to preserve some aspect of the past or about-to-become-past.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Catherine H. Lewis, President  
Horry County Historical Society



## CARL SESSIONS

"I don't know, but ask Carl Sessions. He can tell you." How often have these words been spoken by devotees of Horry County history? In the first place, a Sessions has scores of kinfolk in the county. Being a Methodist and a Kiwanian extended his connections. He knew people, they knew him, and his mind was a storehouse of accurate information, which he gladly shared. Carl Sessions kept a journal of significant happenings. Date, event and names were carefully written in little notebooks. It is the kind of information that is extremely valuable to researchers.

Carl Sessions was a charter member of The Horry County Historical Society, a contributor to *THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY*, and on The Historic Preservation Commission.

On the night of March 25, 1977, he walked down the steps of his home and entered a waiting car. His son drove him to the hospital where, shortly after midnight, A. Carl Sessions became a part of the past. Horry County will long cherish the memory of this quiet, dedicated authority on local history.

... *The IRQ Staff*

## HISTORY IN A BOTTLE

By Garvin Huggins

Everybody collects glass. If you don't think you do, look around. Chances are there is at least a lovely old dark-green prune juice bottle full of ivy on your kitchen window sill or a crock in the den filled with flowers, or, if you are younger, a Chianti flask with a candle stuck in it. Without considering yourself at all a collector, you may even have a window full of pretty bits of cut or colored glass placed so that the sun can shine through them, making the colors glow and sending rainbows across the ceiling.

The making of glass has its own fascination. It was going on in Egypt under

the pharaohs, in Damascus during the Crusades. Probably the blowers always had an audience. Today the glass-blower's booth at the flea market and historic places such as Williamsburg are never deserted.

In America, glassblowing from the beginning has been closely tied in with our development as a nation. People who collect it seriously (if anything so much fun can be called serious) find themselves concerned with the Indian trade at the Jamestown settlement as early as 1608 or with the early settlement of Horry County.

## BOTTLE COLLECTING AS A HOBBY

Less than 100 years ago most people worked more than ten hours a day and most jobs were done by hand. Such efforts left little, if any, time or energy for leisure activities.

Today most people work eight hours a day and have many machines to make their work easier. Many retire early in life, therefore, people are not only provided with more leisure time but have the energy to use it. Much of their spare time and energy are being spent on hobbies, such as historical research, stamp, coin, glass and bottle collecting, paper Americans, etc.

A hobby can be defined as making, doing, or learning something just for the fun involved. The collecting of bottles is currently one of the most popular and exciting of all the collecting hobbies. The gathering of glass, ceramic bottles, old earthenware or stoneware jugs has great meaning to thousands of people throughout the world.

Bottles are historic, romantic, shapely, beautiful, valuable, and a challenge to acquire.

The methods of obtaining bottles are many and varied. By the mid-nineteenth century Americans began to discard the traditions of saving and re-using their glass and ceramic containers. As years passed, more and more bottles found their way to the dumping areas.

These trash heaps of the past are



perhaps the most inexpensive source of obtaining antique bottles. Trash was often dumped under buildings, in outhouse pits, and, of course, in areas specially set aside for dumping. Searching beneath buildings and around old houses will quickly reveal whether such areas were used for discarded items, but locating outhouse pits and old trash heaps is usually more difficult.

It was the Revolutionary War that made the glassmaking an important industry in the American colonies. Until that time the colonists were discouraged from manufacturing glass articles and other commodities which could compete with English imports. During the war these imports were halted, and one of the problems the colonists faced was the rather acute need for glass products.

Most of the early glass factories in this country were established for making window glass, but mouth-blown bottles were also turned out on a small scale by factory workers who used leftover batches of glass to fashion receptacles.

Such items were utilized by the workers themselves, or by their families, or by whomever would buy them.

Between the years of 1840 and 1860, American bottle-making was apparently in its heyday. Glass factories of this period displayed their craftsmanship by creating decorative bottles of all sorts, historical flasks, decanters, perfume bottles, snuff bottles, bitters bottles, and medicine bottles. All ranged in design from relatively plain to exquisitely ornate; but, fancy or plain, all these bottles had at least one thing in common: They were mouth blown. That means at one stage of the bottle-making process there was a glob of molten glass on one end of a long metal pipe which was being blown at the other end by a craftsman who made the glass expand and balloon until it became a bottle. The process was much more involved than this, because bottle-making was a craft involving intricate skills.

From the beginning it had been a manual operation, and a manual operation it remained until the automatic bottle machine (ABM) was invented in 1903.

Michael J. Owens invented and perfected the automatic bottle-making machine. By 1906, Owens' automatic machine was leased to and installed in plants in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. By 1910 the automatic glassblowing machines were turning out approximately 33,000 bottles daily. By 1914 there were 172 of Owens' machines in operation, each one capable of producing 40 bottles a minute or 57,600 per day. These figures are very impressive when it is realized that in the 1880's it took a shop of three men and three boys to produce approximately 1,500 bottles per day.

When a bottle is made in a mold, trapped air must be allowed to escape or the resulting container would be misshapen. Along with other vents, the areas where the various parts of some molds join provide this necessary venting and certain marks, called seams, are the result.

The study of the seams and other markings found on bottles can be of great assistance in identifying the type of molds and tools used in their manufacture. Knowing when the various molds and tools were in a common use provides a basis for the approximate dating of bottles.

Molds were used before the invention of the blowpipe. In a sense the sand cones used by the Egyptians to make the first bottles were seamless.

With the advent of the blowpipe about 100 B.C. there came the development of both open and the closed molds. While the advent of the blowpipe led to an increase in the use of molds, the fact that they were crude, clumsy, and without hinges usually made it more expedient to free-blow bottles. With the development of hinged brass molds in the 17th century and hinged iron molds in the 18th century, mold-blowing bottle manufacturing gradually began to replace free-blowing in Europe. In America molds were not used much before the 19th century. When considering mold-blown bottles and mold marks, it is useful to keep in mind that free-blown bottles have no seams or other similar markings. Almost all mold-blown bottles do exhibit seam



marks.

When it comes to methods of dating bottles and related items, history has not been very kind to collectors. As yet it has failed to reveal very many of the dates that would be valuable in determining the exact age of many bottles. Of course, continuing research is gradually discovering secrets of value; and, as long as there are those interested enough to devote the necessary time, effort and patience to the needed research, more and more valuable information will be disclosed.

Perhaps one of the big reasons facts regarding glass manufacturing techniques and production are so scarce has to do with the traditionally secretive way in which glass factories operated. Competition forced each glass factory to try to keep its formulas and innovative methods to itself. As a result, not many written or printed documents have survived.

Most of what is used to date bottles and related items is based on research that has been conducted within the last 100 years. Most of the information is based on assumption and logic and at best, is general.

This is not to say that today's methods of dating bottles are useless but rather that they are crude. Even crude methods, however, are better than no methods at all.

A lot of molds were made to make the body of the bottle; and, after the bottle came out of the mold, the top or the lip was made. This was called a "lay on lip."

I have always been interested in historical objects, and I became interested in collecting bottles when Mr. Best Allen came to me one day and gave a South Carolina Dispensary bottle. Then I began to do some research on old trash dumps, and where all South Carolina dispensary stores were located in Horry County. The research carried me into most parts of the county.

You don't always go out looking for bottles. My son Chris Huggins and I were about two miles from one of the old ferry

landings, called Hardee's Ferry where they had dredged a canal from the river. As we were walking along this canal, Chris saw a half of a bottle sticking out of the dirt. As he pulled the bottle out, I saw that it was a Coca Cola bottle from Conway, S.C., made around 1895 to 1912. So, you don't always go out looking for bottles, but you do find them if you look all the time.

At one of the old dump sites, Jim Grayson, my wife, Betty Jo Huggins, son Chris, and I dug 275 bottles at a depth of four to five feet. The bottles found dated from 1895 to 1940.

One of the oldest dump sites is located across Kingston Lake from the Jerry Cox parking lot. The railroad has used a lot of the dirt at the dump to build up their rail bed nearby, and only pieces of glass are left to look at. According to my figures, I believe that this dump is the oldest in the county.

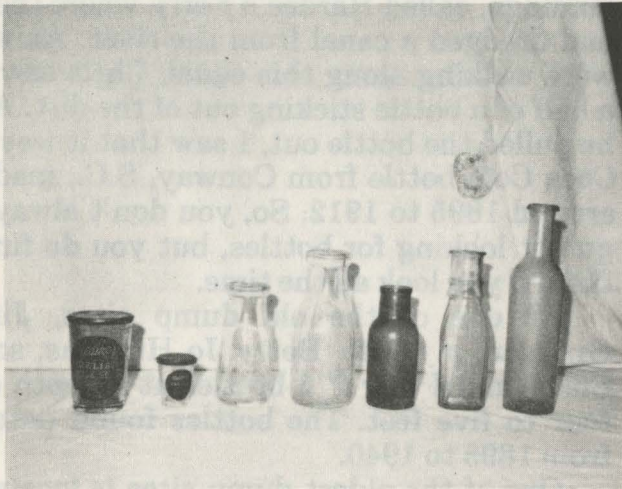
In my bottle and glass collecting, I have found most of the pieces that are illustrated in this article in Horry County. I have also dug in Marion, Georgetown, Florence, and Charleston counties.

Surely much of Horry's history is in bottles.

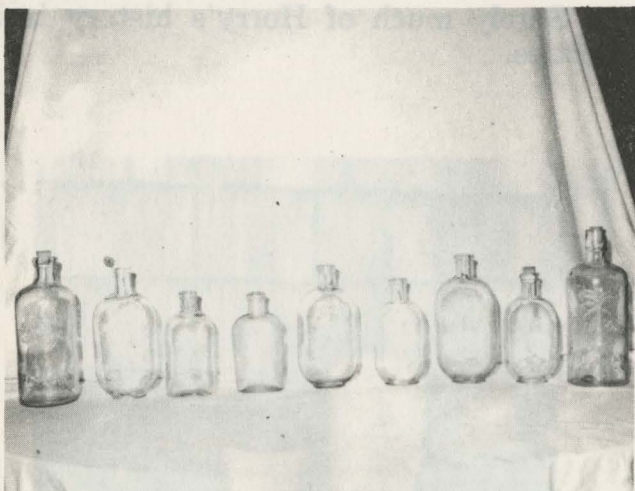


White 4 gallon crown churn with well worn dasher, made about 1890. White and brown churn with New York glaze, made about 1900. The stool is a hand made peg stool made by Mr. L.D. Little of Longs, S.C.





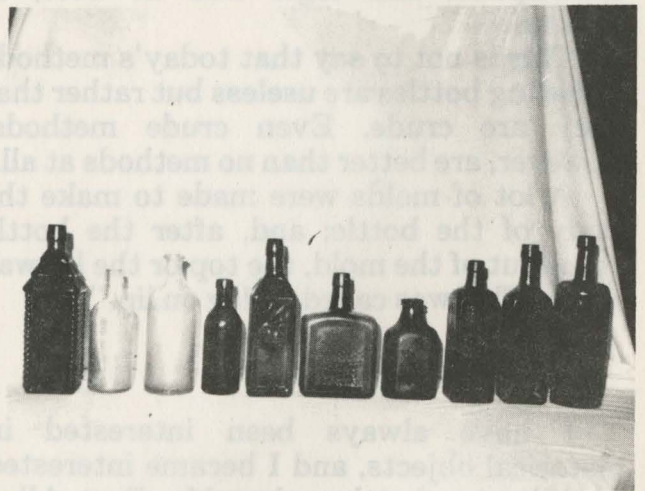
**FOOD CONTAINERS:** (l. to r.) 1. Duke relish (before it was purchased by Sauer) made before 1936, found in attic of old house in Conway. 2. Duke relish sample with original lid, before 1936, found in attic of old house in Conway. 3. Milk bottle for Ivey's Dairy, found under bridge at Conway, half-pint. 4. Milk bottle, one pint, Rose Lake Dairy, owned by Francis Holliday and located on Rose Lake, Highway 905. 5. Capers bottle, about 1893, dug in Georgetown County. 6. Southern Pickle, Charleston, S.C., dated about 1895, found in Horry County. 7. Three piece mold olive oil bottle with pontil.



**SOUTH CAROLINA DISPENSARY BOTTLES (1893-1907):** (l. to r.) 1. Quart, monogram, found in Conway. 2. Pint, monogram, found in Georgetown. 3. Half-pint, palm tree, green, extremely rare, found in Bucksville. 4. Half-pint Union flask, found in Bucksville. 5. Pint, monogram, found in the shipyard. 6. Half-pint, JOJO flask, found in Conway. 7. Pint, palm tree, found in Georgetown. 8. half-pint, Jo Jo Palm, found in Georgetown. 9. Quart, palm tree, found in Mullins. Note: At first the palm tree appeared on all Dispensary bottles, but the drys objected to this use of a state emblem and the monogram was thereafter substituted for it.

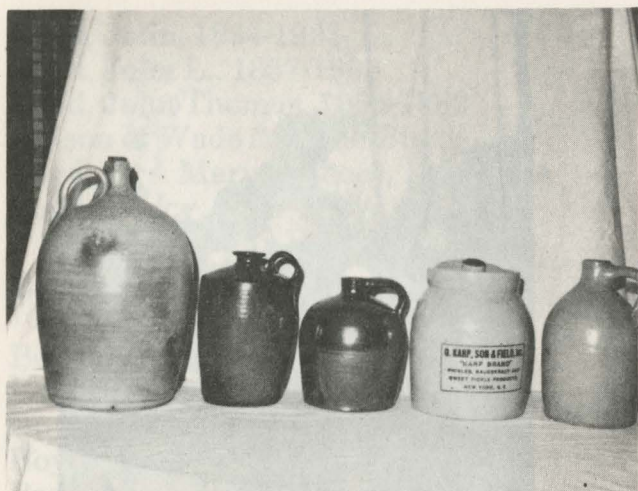


**MEDICINE AND POISON BOTTLES:** In the foreground are poison bottles, usually for mercury, antiseptics, carbolic acid, etc. The first twelve bottles (l. to r.) were bought, traded, and dug in Horry County. The thirteenth bottle, which is clear, is a medicine bottle, but was a very convenient size for Congressmen to carry liquor into their meetings and was in consequence outlawed. The bottle is labeled R&R Railway Company Entd. Accord. to Act of Congress. 14. Warner Safe Cure, amber, dates about 1880. 15. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, proprietary medicine. 16. Amber, Chattanooga Medicine. 17. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Kidney, Liver & Bladder Remedy.



**BITTERS (A CONCOCTION OF ALCOHOL AND HERBS) BOTTLES:** (l. to r.) 1. Plantation bitters, about 1862, found in Charleston. 2. Dr. S.B.H. & Co. bitters, about 1895, Georgetown. 3. J. Walkers bitters, about 1880, found in Charleston. 4. E.J. bitters, 1880, found in Georgetown. 5. Wild Cherry Bitters (Doyle's Hop & Bitters), about 1880, found in Mullins. 6. Dr. Herters Bitters, about 1880. 7. Unknown, dates about 1825, found in Bucksville, believed to be a snuff bottle. 8. Paw Paw Bitters, 1900, found in Mullins. 10. Green Bitters, 1880, found at Ft. Moultrie.





**CROCKS OR STONEWARE:** (l. to r.) 1. Salt glaze, 3 gal., dates about 1880, dug in Mullins. 2. 1 gal. whiskey jug, dates about 1880, dug in Conway. 3. Whiskey crock, dates about 1900, given to Mr. Huggins by Lemond Jones. 4. Sauerkraut and pickle crock. 5. Whiskey crock, ½ gal., dates about 1890, found in old house in Toddville.



**DEMIJOHNS:** (l. to r.) 1. Wicker covered bottle, 1895-1907, S.C. Dispensary. 2. Amber, 1890-1895, found in a warehouse in Mullins. 3. Two gal., 1890 or before. These bottles were made in a three piece mold. Base, neck and lip were made separately. Notice how the lip is set crooked on the neck. Called a "laid on lip." Found in Mullins. 4. Three gallon demijohn encased in wire mesh, about 1900.



**INK BOTTLES:** (l. to r.) 1. Carter ink, 1 pt., with partial label, master bottle used for filling smaller containers such as inkwells. 2. Carter ink, ½ pt. (both date about 1900) 3. Blue cone ink bottle dug in Conway where the city maintenance shop is located, about 1920. 4. Conical ink bottle with sheared lip made by Dixie Glass Co. 1840-1860. Found in old Conway dump which is located across Kingston Lake behind Jerry Cox Co. 5. Turtle ink bottle for desk use, found in Charleston, S.C., dates about 1880. 6. Small crock ink bottle, dates about 1900, found in Conway shipyard just above Conway on the Waccamaw River. 7. Tall cylinder ink bottle, dates about 1860-1880, found at Bucksville. 8. Cone ink crock, type used during Civil War, found in dump at Mullins, S.C. 9. Boat ink bottle dug in Charleston, S.C. 10, 11, 12. Master ink bottles with pouring spouts, 2 from Georgetown, 1 from Aynor.



**WHISKEY, BEER, AND COKE BOTTLES:** (l. to r.) 1. Three piece, laid on lip, beer or whiskey bottle. 2. Regular turned mold with laid on bead, probably for wine, found under Waccamaw Bridge, Conway. 3,4,5,6. Coca Cola bottles made for Conway Coca Cola Bottling Works before 1916. Bottles 3 and 4 are square. 7. Blob top soda bottle, made about 1881, found in Conway. 8. Beer bottle, three piece mold, light amber, about 1860-1880, found in Bucksville.



## DRAWING SHINGLES

by E.R. McIver

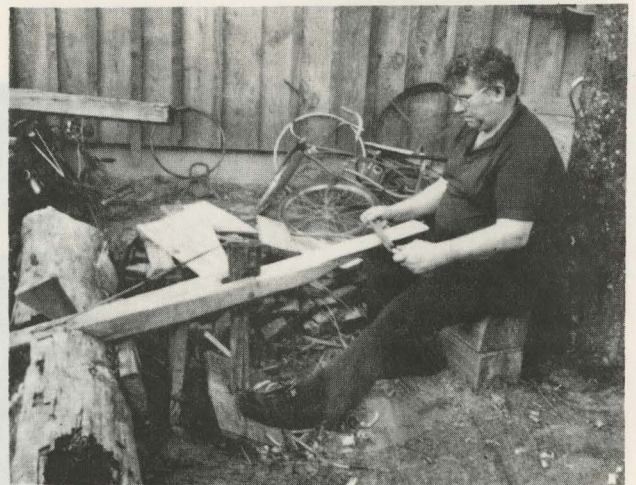
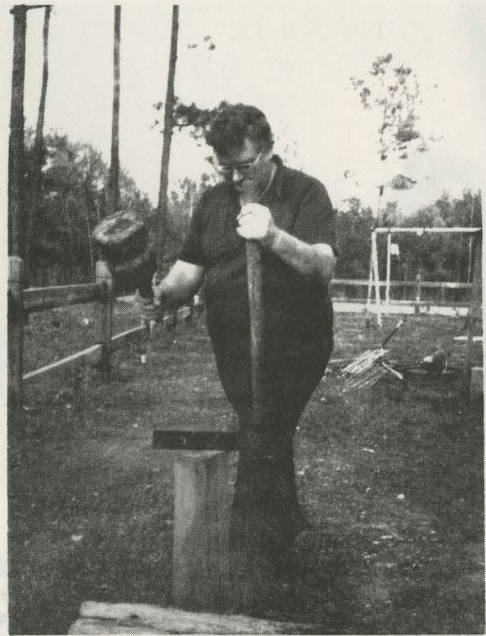
While calling on Mr. Huggins to photograph the bottles, I noticed that he was making handdrawn shingles. This is an ancient art which has just about been lost in our community. Mr. Huggins made a trip to Georgetown to find out how one of the old Negroes who still practices this art made his shingles. These pictures will give you a very simple explanation of the process.

First, the tree is cut down. It is usually heart pine or cypress. The tree is cut into sections of about twenty inches, more or less, depending on the length of shingle desired. A very straight grained tree is necessary. These sections are split into blocks about six inches wide. In the first picture you will notice Mr. Huggins has learned one of the blocks against a log and is holding a froe (or frow) on top of the section to be split. The froe is struck with the mallet which he is holding in his right hand and this splits the shingle off. The shingle is not very even when it is split, so it has to be shaped up with a drawing knife in order for it to lay flat against the roof or side of a building.

The second picture shows a homemade drawing board. This is a very ingenious device for holding the shingle. You will notice how a notch has been cut in the log and a wedge driven into the notch to hold the drawing board. When the operator mashes his foot on the lever, it clamps on the shingle and holds it so that the operator can shape it with the drawing knife. I remember well, when we had our farm house covered, we paid \$2.00 a thousand to have our shingles drawn. The present price is about \$80.00.

The third picture shows the Garvin Huggins house which has been partially sided with the handdrawn shingles.

Mr. Huggins retrieved his cypress logs out of the river. They had probably been submerged there since the days when logs were rafted down the Waccamaw.





## MEMORIES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES

(continued)

by Elizabeth Collins

### CHAPTER VI.

Taunton: Barnicott Printer  
Albion Office, Fore Street, 1865

I must now refer to Mr. M--'s visit at Richmond with which he was highly pleased; he had the pleasure of seeing among others, Mrs. Davis, wife of the President of the Confederate States.

The name of Davis calls to mind what I heard pass between some people at Conwayboro'. One of the party happened to be a loss as to what name she should give her child, when the grandmother called out, "I know what name I should give a child if I had my time again. Take and have his name Jeff Davis. There is a good chance of Jeff Davises about the country, and will as long as the war last, but if the war don't end soon I shall be sure to die, for I can't stand it. There is no such thing as getting anything to support a body. I used to be able to get some coffee now and then, but I don't reckon ever to get any more. They talk of drafting may old man too, I don't know what the poor mortals of women is to do when all the men is killed up - perish I pose."

My readers would never forgot the old Granny (Mrs. Todd). I ought not to call her *old*, for I was quite surprised when she told me her age (46!) I never saw an English person at 70 look so old and miserable, and to make the worst of herself, she always had the pipe in her mouth, or a thick handkerchief about her head. I used to visit the old quean now and then, who made a great fuss of shaking hands, and if I asked her how she did, she never gave me but one answer, which was, "I am mighty bad, to-day." ("Mighty bad" used to be the answer of most of the inhabitants of Conwayboro') I used to think them a rough lot of people, but their manner showed that they were very kind, and Mrs. W-- used to take great interest in them; she had up rice from the

plantation at Hagley, and sold to the soldiers' families for much less than they could have got it elsewhere; they would tease her sometimes for coffee, but Mrs. W-- had no more groceries than she could make use of; luckily, she had provided before the war, which prevented her from feeling the high price as much as some of her neighbours.

Money seemed to be very plentiful, as is often the case in war times, so that many people would boast of what they had bought at the following prices; - calico, eight dollars per yard (about £1 12s.); homespun, four and five dollars per yard; a box of matches, one dollar, *formerly six cents*; soap, seven dollars a bar; candles, six and seven dollars per pound; tea (green), twenty dollars per pound; tea (black), ten dollars per pound; wheat flour, one hundred dollars a barrel; beef, two dollars per pound; bacon, two and half dollars per pound (it rose to *ten* dollars in 1861; sewing cotton, two dollars a spool; needles, five dollars a packet.

Apples could be bought at a reasonable rate, and many of the country people would bring them to the town to sell, or to exchange for rice.

Grapes also grew in abundance, and when the time came for gathering Mrs. W-- would buy as many as two bushels at a time, so that the field hands may get as well as the servants. Rachel was particularly fond of grapes, and I happened to ask her how she enjoyed them; she said, "I like dem them so well, till I done eat *all Simmon's* (Simmon was her husband).

There are two classes of people in Conwayboro', one which I have just named, and another to which I give the name of "*Rag-Gentry*," many of whom are more ignorant than the former; still they would converse with as much confidence as an English lady of *title*. Their education is so limited, that their conversation seldom goes beyond a discussion on their dress, or that of their neighbours, and sometimes a *harmless gossip*, which would at once tell their disposition. On visiting one of them a few months since, she asked me if I had an old hat to sell her, as she wanted to have it



dyed and make *the fashion*; she said any old thing would do, but she would very much like the one I had on if I could part with it, this was said in a tone as if sure I should take it off my head at once and make the bargain. I told her the hat I had on was the only one I possessed, or had for the last four years. "O but you are so clever, you can make another with next to nothing." This was a hint I suppose, for me to offer to do it for her, but the hint went into one ear and out the other, and I told her (on her placing before me two good hats) that she had better put the two into one and make it the new style, which was a high crown; this put an end to the conversation. This is the kind of people who boast of their purchases.

It was a rule with the black people, when they had any thing given them, and they liked it, for them to say, "Thank God, sen me good tings," or when they had finished a task, to say, "Tank you, Master Jesus, help me trough *once more*."

Before I left England, I indulged an idea of black people being very dirty; they are very dirty in their work, but much cleaner than many white people in their persons, and would never pass over a week without scrubbing their head (as they called it), after which they would dress their hair, (or which had better be called *wool*, for it is very like a black sheep). Many of the little children would run different colours of thread round each others hair, leaving in the needle as they would in a pincushion, and would then think themselves hedder (smart). The black children in general are very pretty.

I remember one time having one of Renty's little ones in the laundry to see if I could make any impression by the use of a little soap, but I only made him look like a little glass model. I had no slight difficulty in getting the little brat to let me try the experiment, for he, as well as many of the other children, was afraid of white people. His mother, who was standing close by, told him to be a "*Sweet boy, den you shall hab some Miss Collin's Nice bread*."

O Peter, boy, provoking Collins thus!  
Why shun the tub? You shall not have a crust.

Willing and proud he seeks the silent tide,  
And bathes in hight of blood his shining hide.

The months, August and November, were passed in great anxiety, for Capt. W.'s regiment had been ordered to march to Kentucky, under command of General Bragg. This sudden move was the purpose of gaining a position on the Ohio river, but, unfortunately, it proved a failure. Many of the men died from the long and tiresome march.

Captain W., whose health was greatly impaired by camp life, was compelled to get a furlough of sixty days to recuperate (as they say here). He found great difficulty in returning to his home. The servant Hector was lost in Tennessee, but, being a clever man, he soon made his way home.

It was the middle part of October (19th) that Capt. W-- returned from Kentucky, Mr M-- having left for England only the day before. On account of a letter being lost, Mrs. W-- was not prepared for the Captain's return, so that after the morning service was over, she had called on her neighbour, Mrs. Todd, whose little grandchild was sick. She had not long been at Mrs. T.'s, when Simmon came running into the house; "Massa come, massa come." Mrs. W-- did not take much time in returning home. The joy at seeing her husband again can be better imagined than described. For my own part, I forgot all the horrors of war, as well as the miserable life of two years, for it had been quite eighteen months since I had heard from home, which at times gave me great uneasiness. And to make the matter worse, I had no friend that would pass a pleasant hour with me. It is true I visited Mrs. Ludlam, who was a neighbour, now and then, but who was a very talking woman, and would sometimes give me more uneasiness than she did pleasure.

Mrs. L. had a husband who had been bed-ridden for more than twelve years, and though he suffered much, he appeared quite happy, and took part in his wife's talk. Their conversation would be mostly about the war. Their only son had been in camp from the beginning, and had re-enlisted for the war. She was also blessed



with four daughters, the eldest about twenty-three years of age. I used to think it such a pity for one at that age to be depending on her mother for support, but this is generally the case in Carolina, where the greater part of the work is done by the slave; and the white person is called a *lady* or *gentleman*, even if they have no shoes to their feet. This was the case with the people of Conwayboro' so that I felt beyond anything thankful when Capt. W-- returned, for Mrs. W--'s sake.

I cannot forget to mention a certain woman who came to buy some rice. Mrs. W-- asked her to take a seat in the little drawing room, when in less than five minutes, the "*White lady*" asked for a pipe, which Mrs. W-- gave her; then she asked for a light, but Mrs. W-- told her she did not allow smoking in the room, so in a few moments, the old "*lady*" walked into my room puffing away; but I had a great dislike to such habits, and as politely as I could, put her a chair outside the door, and when I thought she had finished her pipe, I went to speak to her, but before I had power to say much, the "*white lady*" called out aloud, "My sake, you folks don't like the pipe. Why it is all the comfort I have got, or have had since the war. I wish from me heart our men would try and catch old Lincoln and let us have done with the war."

But to return to Mr. M--; he was delayed some little time at Fair Bluff, and very providential it was; for he happened to hear of Capt. W--'s return and as the stage was going to Conwayboro' the next day, he made up his mind not to return to England without seeing he Captain. So about six o'clock on Monday evening he returned, and great satisfaction it was for all parties; Mr. M-- could then return to England with a much better heart. Capt. W-- had written several letters requesting Mrs. W-- to go to England with Mr. M-- , but it would not do to leave her people; it would have given them an excuse to have gone to the enemy, and so notwithstanding the intense heat, she kept to her duty; and as I had at last received a letter from my mother, I felt more content to remain. My letter from England contained news of my sister's

marriage, which had caused my mother some little anxiety; however, I have reason to think her marriage is a happy one.

## CHAPTER VII.

As soon as it was known that Capt W-- had returned home, many of the "*lady*" visitors called to enquire about their husbands and sons in the army; the Captain would take great interest in the soldiers' families, and would sometimes give them money and also rice. The soldiers pay not being more than eleven dollars a month, they could not send much home to their families.

There are some very hard-working women in the South. (I mean those who are not slave-holders.) I remember reading, in the newspaper, an account of a woman whose husband was at camp, and she obliged to cultivate the land herself; she would sometimes take her children with her to the field; and in order to preserve them from the sun, made a little stall, so that she could move it from one part of the field to another; that thus her children should be under her own eye. This woman, it was said, made enough corn for her own use, and some to sell to her neighbours.

I have known many women of the South go as far as to tan their own shoe-leather, and, in some instances, make their very thick shoes. Mrs. Ludlam would make shoes for all her family. Speaking of shoes, brings to mind a "*lady*" visitor, who came to see Mrs. W-- , and who appeared to be dressed in the tip-top fashion, as far as the millinery, brooch, and rings went; but the shoes did not all correspond, for they were of thick leather, and tied together with white strings. The war, I suppose, accounted for the colour of the strings; but why not have put up the jewellery, until some laces could be had? - but this is the way of many people in America; they seldom dress with good taste.

Perhaps some of my friends might like to know my opinion of what are called *real ladies* in America; they are more like farmers' wives in England, or perhaps, a tradesman's wife. The greater part of them



assist in cooking, cutting garments, &c.; and, as far as their education goes, they, like myself, are sometimes at a loss for grammar. The want of education, among the ladies of America, is greatly owing to their marrying so soon: I have heard of being sent to school (or *College*, as they call it) very young, and before they have finished their studies, getting into gay society, and marrying sometimes at the age of sixteen; so that, at the age of thirty, they look as old and round-shouldered as English women do at seventy. The heat, too, in Carolina, is very trying to a person's constitution, especially when some time elapses without a change of climate.

The word *College* brings to mind a young person who came to see me at Snow Hill, and to enquire if I had any clothes to sell, for she thought of "going to College" next month. I had no dress more than I wanted for myself, but as I noticed her having rings on her fingers and a display of shabby finery, I thought perhaps she might like to get some flowers, &c., so I made all the haste I could (for it was near the dinner hour) to exhibit my millinery, with which the young person seemed very pleased, and out of my little lot, selected a wreath of pink daisies, for which she paid me five dollars. Five dollars, in time of peace, would have brought me one pound of English money, but on account of the Confederate Bills being of so little value, it only paid me four shillings.

If the Confederate States be fortunate enough to gain their independence, a Confederate dollar will be of the same value as before the war commenced. There were different kinds of Confederate Bills, one bearing 8 per cent interest, which was receivable for about two years, when a new currency was brought out, bearing 1 per cent interest, and generally known as "*Memminger's Pictures*," (Mr. Mimlinger being the Secretary of the Treasury). This last issue was considered to be far the best, and in a short time after its appearance, prices became much lower, and provisions that had for some time been stored up for speculation, began to find their way to the market.

During the time of exchanging the Bills, but little was done in the way of paying money, but parties would agree to exchange so many yards of calico for so many pounds of bacon, or any other article they may have to part with. Mrs. W--'s neighbour, Mrs. Todd, happened to have a very good crop of sweet potatoes, many more than she could make use of: and Mrs. W-- having so many people to feed, made a bargain to give the old "lady" five pounds of coffee for ten bushels of potatoes. I happened to visit Mrs. T. soon afterwards, and asked her how she liked her coffee, after being so long without: "O, I am feeling a heap better for coffee; I must make it last me as long as the war lasts; for I shall never see no more till *that's* over."

In December, 1862, came the time for electing another Governor and Lieutenant-Governor for South Carolina, Capt. W-- had returned from camp, having been elected Representative for Georgetown, and had gone to Columbia for the session. Whilst there, his health failing very much, he very reluctantly allowed himself to be nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and came in with an unanimous vote. It was a great relief to Mrs. W-- to know that the Captain would no longer be exposed to the dangers of the battle field.

A few weeks previous to this, much time had been spent in providing comforts, as well as necessary articles for camp use. At that time it was very difficult to get cloth for uniforms; so that Capt. W-- proposed to have his old coat turned, and some new lace put on, so as to be ready if he should join the army again. I shall never forget how unwilling I was to undertake this troublesome job of work, though, at the same time little anticipating to what a melancholy use it would be put!

I at last completed my task, with which the Captain seemed very much pleased, and said he would never part with it, even if he had not to go to camp again. Mrs. W-- happened to call on a woman who was thinking of doing the same with her husband's; she had unpicked it and got it ready to put together, but she did not know



how to set about it, and told Mrs. W-- the thought of it made her *right mad*<sup>1/2</sup> "but it must be done," she said, "for a new one cannot be bought for less than one hundred and fifty dollars."

Christmas was spent for the first time at Conwayboro' very quietly; the servants had their supper in the laundry and seemed to have become used to the place and quite satisfied with what could be got for them; they would most times expect a Christmas gift from each other; if it were only two or three eggs, it answered very well.

It was about Christmas time that the enemy made raids in North Carolina, and as Conwayboro' was but twelve or fourteen miles from the N.C. coast, Capt. W-- felt more content to be at home with his people in case they should be tempted by the enemy to make their escape.

It is said, that the Yankees on entering a town called Williamstown, N.C., did not respect a single house; it mattered not whether the owner was in or absent, doors were broken open and houses entered by the soldiers, who took everything they saw, and what they were unable to carry away they destroyed. Furniture of every description was committed to the flames, and the citizens who interfered with them were threatened and abused. The enemy stopped for a night at a mill belonging to a Mr. Ward, and took everything, not leaving him enough for breakfast, while on a sick bed his wife was searched, and robbed of five hundred dollars. Two women went to Gen. Foster to beg protection from his soldiers, but were only ordered from his presence.

## CHAPTER IX.

The opening of the year 1863 brought us the details of the Battle of Murfreesborough; in which, although it was considered a victory, there were no less than 2,000 Confederates killed and wounded; while the enemy's loss was over six thousand.

The grounds which the Confederates had for claiming a victory were, that they captured a large amount of artillery, and

took possession of some important points, which would otherwise have been a great advantage to the enemy. On the 30th of January, the Confederate Rams in Charleston Harbour, under command of Capt. Ingraham, made a sally towards the enemy's fleet, and opened fire on one of the Yankee vessels (Meredith), seriously injuring her: another, "the Keystone State," got a shot through her steam drum, causing the death of twenty-one persons. The commander of the Meredith made signs to the Confederates that they were in a sinking condition, and begged to have the crew transferred to their vessel; but the reply of Capt. Ingraham was, that they could not sink lower than the ship's rails, and refused to take the crew on board. It is since known that the enemy endeavoured to deceive the Confederates; they were *not* in a sinking condition, but seemed to enjoy their cowardly falsehood as if it had been a victory. After the Confederates had left her, she steamed down to Port Royal for repairs. This little success of Capt. Ingraham's gave the Confederates a hope that the blockade was at last raised, and I believe the news was at once forwarded to England, but after all, the affair was nothing to boast of; the enemy soon made their appearance again, and I do not think England in any way took notice of the matter.

Two months passed when the enemy was known to be making preparations for another attack on the hot-bed of rebellion, or the "cradle of secession" as they would sometimes call it. The Yankee papers for months had indulged the prospect of the capture as a thing of the future that only awaited their pleasure, so that on the 5th of April four "Monitors," the Ironsides (an armour-plated frigate with an armament of twenty-two 10, 11, and 13-inch guns) and thirty vessels of various sizes were seen off the Bar, and the next day as many as thirty-nine were added to the fleet, and the enemy landed a force of about six thousand men on two islands (Coles and Battery). These facts led Gen. Beauregard to count upon an attack the next day (Tuesday), and the brave General was not disappointed in



his expectations, for the next morning, the 7th of April, the Monitors and the Ironsides were seen lying off Morris Island, and about three o'clock in the afternoon a dispatch was forwarded by Gen. Elliott, who commanded Fort Sumter, that Monitors and Ironsides were approaching the Fort, the Keokuk in front.

Many persons may suppose this to be an unhappy moment for the defenders of Charleston, but not so; it gave joy to every heart, and the Artillerists at Fort Sumter rushed to their guns. The regimental flag of the first South Carolina Artillery and the stars and bars of the Confederate States waved from their flagstaffs on the Fort, and were saluted as the enemy advanced with an out-burst of "Dixie" from the band, and the roar of their heavy artillery. The ships moved on silently and in a few instants the deep-mouthed explosions of Sumter burst upon the enemy, and poured the contents of her biggest guns into the pride of the Yankee navy; in a short time the Keokuk was in a sinking condition, and after a few more shots from Fort Sumter and its batteries, the enemy retired outside the harbour.

The Confederate victory was then complete, and very little loss was sustained. A drummer boy was killed, and five men wounded. The Keokuk did not outlive the attack on Fort Sumter twelve hours. The next day, only her smoke-stack and one of her turrets were visible during low water off Morris Island, where she had sunk.

## CHAPTER X.

The Captain was at this time staying at his plantation at Hagley, where he had been for two or three weeks; and although his health did not at all improve, yet he considered that his weakness proceeded only from temporary indisposition, and that as the summer advanced, he should gain strength. But his old friend Mr. Glennie who could see more than the Captain himself, advised him to have medical advice. To this he agreed, and sent to Mrs. W--, who was still at Conwayboro, for her to visit him in a few days, and give her

opinion. No time was lost in making arrangements for her departure. For my own part, I was suffering from a severe cold, quite unfit for travelling: but the thought of seeing old Hagley once more quite cheered me; and in a few hours I completed my little lot of packing. The morning for our journey was very fine, and promised a pleasant drive. The servants, too, (except Gabriel) seemed glad to think "Missus was going to see Massa, and to tell their friends howdy."

Gabriel had a great fancy to raise young ducks, and that morning he had the misfortune to lose two of them, and just as we were leaving the house, up walked Gabriel. "Your hog, ma'am, done eat two my duck."

"How so, Gabriel? You should keep them in."

"See, ma'am, young duck bery lobe run bout, and your pen broke."

"I'll speak to Simmon to mend it, and while I am away, take care you don't lose more."

"I like sell my duck when dem big enough."

"I will see about it when I come home, Gabriel."

And after saying good bye, and giving a message to Caesar (who had been sent to Mrs. W-- with the message from his master) to follow us as soon as his breakfast was over, we set out for our forty-miles drive, twenty of which was very rough travelling, so that the horses (Fidget and Miss Nightingale) began to give out. This was in a great measure on account of the driver not understanding the management of Fidget, who never would draw without being *made to do it*; so that all the work came on poor Miss Nightingale, and by the time we got to a parish called Soccastee, where there was a very awkward bridge to cross, James had to lead the horses, and this he was obliged to do for several miles. At last Mrs. W-- and I made up our minds to walk as far as we could. This was a hard task, for at this time we encountered some of the deepest sand, as well as two hours of hot sun. Sometimes we were more than half a-mile ahead of the horses. At last we discovered Caesar close behind the carriage



and beckoned for him to hasten on to Hagley for Prince, and some more horses, and in less than half an hour we were resting in the carriage, driven by the favourite coachman; leaving James with the other horses to come on at their case. We reached Hagley about 6 p.m. The Captain was looking fatigued from his day's exertions, having been on the Island to superintend or look over the rice fields.

The next day being Saturday, when the people have half task, the afternoon was spent in seeing them, and delivering the many howdys from the servants at Snow Hill.

The following day was appointed for having service at the parish church (All Saints) about five miles drive from Hagley, and as Capt. W-- felt pretty well, Mrs. W-- was pleased with the opportunity of going to her own church again; but, unfortunately, the Captain felt his drive very much, and before entering the church a violent fit of coughing seized him, followed by hemorrhage, which compelled them to return home again.

It was with difficulty, even then, that Mrs. W-- gained the consent of the Captain to send for the Doctor; at last, Dr. Sparkman, being a man in great practice, was the one chosen. The Doctor's opinion of Capt. W-- was not in any way disheartening, and he said the blood only come from the throat; and strongly advised him to leave the low country for a more healthy part: but the Captain was so wrapped up in his country, that he did not feel justified in leaving his own neighbourhood, and therefore made up his mind to spend the summer on Pawley's Island. Many people considered this an unwise plan, thinking the sea-air would increase the cough; and the Doctor assured him if he remained many months near the sea, it would be a great injury to his complaint. Between this time and the time for going to the Island, Capt. W-- had two or three more slight attacks, so that Mrs. W-- could not think of returning to Conwayboro, but wished me to go back and bring a few necessary articles that she might want, and also to cut out

more work for the servants to do while we were away.

I much dreaded this tiresome journey; at the same time I felt a pleasure in being able to help Mrs. W-- in her difficulties.

Poor Miss Nightingale did not recover the journey to Hagley, but died in a few days; this, I think, gave me some uneasiness, but as Capt. W-- proposed that *Prince* should drive me in the buggy, my fears a little abated.

My English friends will perhaps think me very foolish to dread a drive of 40 miles with two good horses and an experienced coachman, but before judging let them spend a few years in the plantations and swamps of Carolina. When I consider the roughness of the country, I wonder there are not more accidents happen. I remember going to Hagley in the winter of 1862, when the roads were so bad that it was even dangerous to ride a horse. It was about this time that everybody who was not in the army was salt-making, and brought their salt in waggons from the sea shore, so that there were no less than seven of these waggons stuck in the mud, not able to make their way through. Prince was quite at a loss as to which would be the best way to manage; when, fortunately, an elderly man kindly told him he had better cross over the swamp and go out some way in the woods which would be likely to lead him into a better road; this he did, and we got out quite safe into the high road, thus ending the adventure. But to return to my present journey. We left Hagley very early in the morning to return to Conwayboro'. There had not been any rain for a few days, and the roads were in a pretty good condition, which enabled the horses to travel with ease, and we got to Snow Hill by three o'clock in the afternoon. It was very fortunate, for in less than an hour after came very heavy thunder and lightning, and about two hours pouring rain. It almost gives me a terror to think of a storm in Carolina. It is wonderful to see the quantity of rain that falls in a few moments, and still more wonderful to see how fast it sinks into the earth. The night dews, in



Carolina, do as much good to many vegetables as a shower. There is a delicious vegetable called, "Tomato." which grows with very little trouble. It is of a beautiful red colour, and very much the shape of an orange. It may be cooked in almost any way, and may be used for making tarts when fruits are not plentiful. There are also different kinds of melons, which are used in the same way. They are generally planted in the month of May, and about the middle of July they are fit to eat. We used to be looking forward for the gathering of the watermelons with pleasure, for they were so refreshing, especially when no ice could be got (the Yankees having kept all that to themselves). Many of the soldiers in camp died more from the want of this necessary article than from the fire of the enemy.

The history to come of this war will explain more than I am capable of writing. However, it is now well known that since the commencement of this campaign, Gen. Lee's usual dinner has been composed of boiled rice and cabbage. I have heard a good anecdote on this subject. Inviting one day some of the officers to dine Gen. Lee ordered the cook to provide somewhat better fare, and on the company taking their seats, there was seen in the middle of a *very* abundant dish of cabbage, a piece of bacon, about four inches square. This, of course, from its diminutive size, was refused by each person, and so went away as it came. Next day, however, the General bethought him of his untouched meat, and told his man to bring it, Jack looked very foolish and after some hesitation said, "Well, massa, to tell the trut, dat bacon been borrid bacon, and I turned un back again." Gen. Lee, nothing disconcerted, sat down to his cabbage and rice, and as usual returned thanks to the Giver.

## CHAPTER XI.

The heavy thunder storm which succeeded my arrival at Snow Hill (although awful to look at) gave such a refrigerant feeling to the air, that I almost craved for a walk after my long drive, it being the only pleasant time for walking; but second

thoughts told me the bed would be quite as acceptable, and by the time the sun had descended the tree-tops, I found myself nestled for the night. Many hours passed without my getting to sleep, and had it not been for Prince, who was favouring the servants with a tune on the fiddle, I should have perhaps got up the next morning very little refreshed. The servants' hall, or long house (as they sometimes call it), was not more than 50 yards from the house, and the delightful calmness of the night would send the sound of the instrument, together with their merry chatter, across the yard, having the same effect on me as a nursery hymn would on an infant.

The bull-frog, too, although not to be seen, is often great company for those situated as myself. This creature lives under water in the day, and at night perches on the bank of the river, and makes what some people call a frightful noise, which is very like a wild beast's. Its size is about 10 or 12 inches in diameter, and its colour of a lightish brown. The Carolina frog is the prettiest little creature I ever saw, it is not more than one inch long, and measures about one and half inch round its body, and is of a beautiful green colour, with very large and black eyes; it is seldom to be seen except in very warm weather.

I kept a collection of insects, such as moths, butterflies, and dragon flies, some of which are very beautiful to look at, but if intended to be copied they must be carefully smoked to death, or they will very soon lose their beauty, this cruel little job is done by quickly putting a tumbler over the creature, under which you slip a piece of paper and then light as many matches as will fill the tumbler with smoke: the poor thing then is soon dead, and in a few days there is nothing but its shell to be seen, and when put in the sun, and properly dried, it is fit to be put up in pepper (black pepper is the best to use), which will preserve them for three or four years. I have one very large moth which was caught the first summer I spent on Pawleys Island.

The little black children are very clever in catching almost any kind of insect; the black spiders they are afraid of, and even



the servants are afraid of them. I recollect one time pointing out to Selina, some cobwebs, and as an immense spider ran down the wall, and made its way towards her, she began to scream and jump as if it had been a viper; I said to her, "Why don't you kill it?"

"Me can't, ma'am, me fraid dem tings."

"Nonsense, Selina, kill it, or it will come and make another web for you to clean."

"Me hab to sweep dem, dem tings bite too hard, me can't trust them."

This was great fun for me, and it ended with my killing the spider, for poor Selina was really afraid of it. I think she thought me very cruel, for I heard her muttering to herself, "White people got strong mind, dey kill anyting."

I had a few weeks before drowned some young kittens, which perhaps gave Selina reason to think I was rather cruel. Prince was the one generally employed to do this *hardhearted deed of charity*, as I called it, but when I asked him to drown the kittens, he said, "I don't tink I can, Miss Collins, for I hear dey say tant right kill cats," so I never asked him again to do it.

I think Mrs. W-- thought I took delight in this sort of amusement; it is true I did so, and have often thought what a good idea it would have been if the Yankees had made war with the South for the purpose of killing up a few millions of useless dogs and cats, instead of trying to set free the most valuable of her population (the negroes). I was quite astonished the first time I entered a church in Carolina; I do think, if an account had been taken, that one third of the congregation were dogs; such an interruption that I wished myself at home, or anywhere where I might have been able to read the church services in quiet. I think the Methodist Church at Conwayboro' will beat any Church I have seen for disorder and dirt; though it has the appearance of having once been a neat little Church, and I have no doubt that before the war, it was an example to many Churches in the District. I will try to give an idea of what it now is. Its height is about 50 feet, length and breadth 38 feet, and, in order to keep it

dry, it is built on heavy blocks of wood about 4 feet high. I may here say, that such blocks form part of almost all buildings in South Carolina. There is a flight of five or six steps which lead to the door; these steps are in a bad condition, and quite dangerous to walk up and down. The seats are open, and no distinction made, except in the back seat, which is reserved for dirty candlesticks, lamps &c. I said there was no distinction, - I mean to say the seats are free for any one, but the women sit on one side, and the men on the other. The latter are accomodated with a spittoon, one in every three or four seats; there is also one at the table, and I have no doubt but the pulpit contains another, for the preacher seldom begins a sermon without disposing of the quid, or something like it. There is a little shelf attached to the pulpit, a receptacle for tumblers and books. In front of it is a round table, generally used, I suppose, when the Sacrament is administered; but when I have seen it, there has been a collection of school-books, and now and then a hat, scattered about it, much resembling a card-table. I am quite unable to say in what way the school is managed. I can only say there is not the least sign of a scholar in the Church when the service begins.

It is generally admitted that education in the South is at a low ebb; but *one* thing I see is taught here, love of country and country's cause.

## CANE BRANCH BAPTIST CHURCH

*[The following history was prepared for the centennial of the church and is reprinted from the bulletin for Nov. 3, 1968. - Ed.]*

Cane Branch Baptist Church began its existence about the year 1868 in a small log school house located in a sparsely settled community near where the church is now located. The church began with just a few charter members, probably about ten members in all. From that beginning it has grown to a present membership of 271 in 1968.

At that time there were few people living in the community and with no



church nearby. Three courageous citizens very much advanced in age, the first two being Mr. Billie Boyd and Mr. Sam Todd, also an aged uncle by the name of John Tyler, came together and organized a Sunday School at the little log school house. This Sunday School progressed for some time in this manner and these leaders contacted a Baptist minister by the name of Scarborough as he passed through the community on his way to some other church of which he was the pastor. He would stop over and hold services for them on Sunday nights at the school house. After he had preached for several months, the noble leaders decided to organize a church. When they organized the church they named it Cane Branch with Rev. Scarborough as the first pastor. A short time later they built a church building and used it for worship until about 1898, when the congregation required a more spacious building. The first grant of land for the church was donated by Sister Louise Suggs, covering the church lot and a cemetery. The additional lot of land necessary for the new church building was donated by her son, L.G. Suggs.

It is interesting to note that the first church building had a sand floor and wooden windows. One bit of information in reference to the first building was passed on to us by the beloved Rev. Hughie Fowler who said he attended services and remembered sifting sand through his toes in the sand floor. We built a second church building with one room and glass windows which was used until 1934. In this same year another building was constructed under the supervision of Rev. T.M. Tyler and Rev. A.D. Harrelson, as pastor. This building consisted of a large sanctuary and four educational rooms. After a period of twenty years, however, this became inadequate and in need of repairs.

It was then, under the pastoral care of Rev. N.E. Tyler, that the members began talking and planning the construction of the present building. The work was actually begun in October 1954, during the pastorate of Rev. Donnie Stevens and was practically carried out on a "pay as you go"

plan. Cash donations paid for the materials and the members did the labor, plaster by a Mr. Hinson. Another point to note was the fact that during part of the work the ladies of the church prepared food and served it to the workmen on the job.

On the first Sunday of June, 1958, the first service was held in the new sanctuary with C.R. Tyler as superintendent, Lonnie Gerald as music director, Rev. N.E. Tyler making comments, and Rev. G. Clyde Prince, pastor. This building has a large sanctuary and balcony with seventeen educational rooms. The church is equipped with central heating and air conditioning and will be carpeted next month.

This has been a brief history of One Hundred Years With God at Cane Branch Baptist Church.

The following is a list of the pastors that have served this church since November, 1907:

Rev. G.W. Harrelson  
Nov. 1907 to Nov. 1908

Rev. J.W. Todd  
Nov. 1908 to Nov. 1910

Rev. C.P. Bullock  
Nov. 1910 to Nov. 1912

Rev. P.B. Coats  
Nov. 1912 to Nov. 1914

Rev. T.H. Patterson  
Nov. 1914 to Nov. 1917

Rev. J.K. Todd  
Nov. 1921 to Nov. 1923

Rev. P.B. Coates  
Nov. 1923 to Nov. 1925

Rev. J. Robert Carter  
Nov. 1925 to Nov. 1926

Rev. J.W. Todd  
Nov. 1926

Rev. Hughie Fowler supplied  
April 1928 to Nov. 1928

Rev. P.B. Coates  
Nov. 1928 to Nov. 1929



Rev. Roy Arnette  
Nov. 1929 to Nov. 1933

Rev. A.D. Harrelson  
Nov. 1933 to Nov. 1936

Rev. W.V. Simmons  
Nov. 1936 to Nov. 1938

Rev. A.D. Harrelson  
Nov. 1938 to Nov. 1944

Rev. Thomas Hughes  
Nov. 1944 to Nov. 1948

Rev. Harry Nobles  
Nov. 1948 to Nov. 1949

Rev. N.E. Tyler  
Nov. 1949 to Nov. 1954

Rev. Donnie Stevens  
Nov. 1954 to Nov. 1957

Rev. G. Clyde Prince  
Nov. 1957 to Nov. 1964

Rev. Eldon Grainger  
Nov. 1964 to present

## CANE BRANCH CEMETERY

Across the road from Cane Branch Baptist Church is a large cemetery. Two sides are bordered by trees, otherwise the area has no large plantings. The white grave markers stand stately on the neatly trimmed grassy clearing. Here and there spring bulbs bloom, as do other low plantings in season.

As cemeteries go, this is not an old one. The earliest date of burial shown on a stone is that of Elizabeth Tyler in 1886, but who can determine the age of the score or more wooden markers?

Cane Branch is away from the mainstream of traffic, and the sun splashed cemetery complements the beautiful tree shaded house of worship. The following catalog was done by Catherine H. Lewis, photographs by Annette Reesor, both of the IRQ staff.



Sign at entrance.

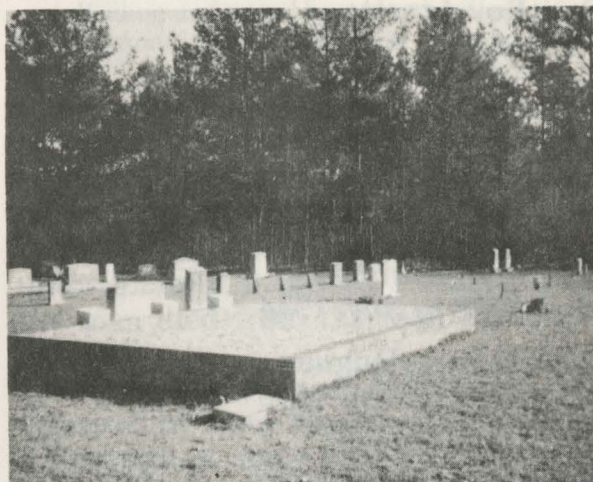


Sea shells on grave of a beloved infant.

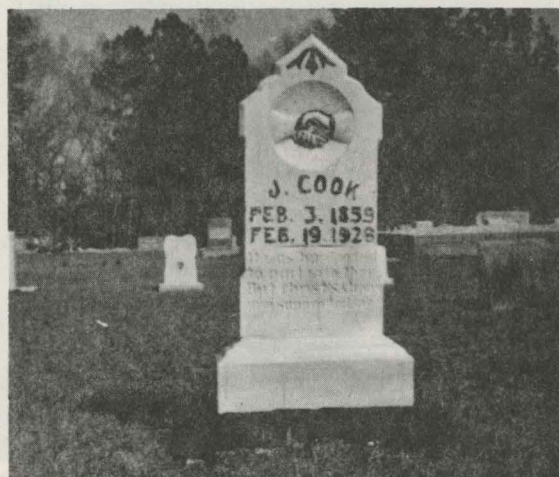


Stately monoliths.





Unique elevated family plot.



Memory kept alive by painted tombstones.



Permanent flowers placed by those who have not forgotten.

- Alford, Cecil Jerome, 1915-1966  
 Alford, Effie C., 1883-1959  
     (wife of Willie L. Alford)  
 Alford, Willie L., 1888-1958  
 Anderson, Dulah Boyd, 1899-1975  
 Anderson, James Oliver, 1910-1910  
     (son of J.D. & Hattie Anderson)  
 Anderson, Margaret Ann Brinson, 1839-1915  
     (wife of Moses Capries Anderson)  
 Anderson, Moses Capries, 1847-1914  
 Bailey, Joseph Edward, 1915-1947  
 Blanton, Mary Lou, 1924-1930  
     (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S.O. Blanton)  
 Blanton, Matha S., 1896-  
     (Wife of S.O. Blanton)  
 Blanton, S.O., 1904-  
 Bonum, Annie Jane, 1870-1922  
     (wife of R.J. Bonum)  
 Booth, Alberteen, 1936-1956  
 Booth, Hubert Lundy, 1923-1971  
     (MOMM2 USNR WWII)  
 Booth, Jodie Lynn, Dec. 19, 1969  
     (infant daughter of M.S. "Buster" and Sylvia Hardee Booth)  
 Booth, Mordecai S., 1896-1956 (Vet WWI)  
 Boyd, Bertha McCracken, 1908-  
     (wife of William Roscoe Boyd)  
 Boyd, Drawdy, 1891-1892  
     (son of J.L. & Nancy Boyd)  
 Boyd, Miss Eliza, 1892-1918  
 Boyd, Henry Wilson, 1854-1940  
 Boyd, Joanna A., 1864-1920  
     (wife of Simon M. Boyd)



- Boyd, John, 1864-1923  
 Boyd, John L., 1857-1908  
 Boyd, John Thomas, 1955-1962  
     (son of Wade & Sarah Boyd)  
 Boyd, Mrs. Mary Frances, 1865-1944  
 Boyd, Nancy, 1863-1935  
     (wife of John L. Boyd)  
 Boyd, Ollie 1893-1893  
     (daughter of J.L. & Nancy Boyd)  
 Boyd, Sephrona Gause, 1859-1939  
 Boyd, Simon M., Jr., 1866-1922  
 Boyd, William Roscoe, 1907-1964  
 Boyd, Wm. Simon, 1902-1955  
 Brown, Fannie Cannon, 1894-1952  
 Bullock Annie, 1895-1974  
     (wife of Walch Bullock)  
 Bullock, Charlie G., 1889-1976  
 Bullock, Donnie L.  
     (infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C.G.  
     Bullock)  
 Bullock, Edna Mae H., 1930-  
     (wife of Waldo Earl Bullock)  
 Bullock, Ernest L., Jan 24, 1913  
 Bullock, Eva DuBois, 1890-1964  
     (wife of Charlie G. Bullock)  
 Bullock, Joe, Jr., 1941-1941  
 Bullock, John Clyde, 1922-1947  
     (SC seaman 2C USNR WWII)  
 Bullock, Leora, 1924-1926  
     (daughter of W.B. & Anna Bullock)  
 Bullock, Walch, 1891-1936  
 Bullock, Waldo Earl, 1928-1963  
 Bullock, Wanda Earl, Dec. 31, 1956  
     (Daughter of Waldo & Edna Mae  
     Bullock)  
 Caines, Addie Hardee, 1869-1931  
     (wife of W. Henry Caines)  
 Caines, Baynard C., 1910-1973  
 Caines, Golie Gerald, 1910-  
     (Wife of Baynard C. Caines)  
 Caines, I. Raynor, 1901-1919  
 Caines, W. Henry, 1877-1928  
 Canada, Donnie Clayton, 1932-1932  
     (son of Mr. & Mrs. J.B. Canada)  
 Canady, Wendel, 1942-1947  
 Cannon, Laura Joe, 1936-1937  
 Cannon, Prentiss, 1921-1937  
 Cannon, Retha May, 1927-1937  
     (daughter of D.B. & M.F. Cannon)  
 Cartrette, \_\_\_\_\_, Jan. 22, 1918  
     (infant son of Mr. & Mrs. W.T.  
     Cartrette)  
 Cartrette, Caldonia Martin, 1897-  
     (wife of William Thomas Cartrette)  
 Cartrette, Esther S., 1913-  
     (wife of Richard K. Cartrette)  
 Cartrette, Mare E., 1934  
     (wife of Richard K. Cartrette?)  
 Cartrette, Richard K., 1915-1974  
 Cartrett, Richard K., 1936  
 Cartrette, William Thomas, 1894-1950  
 Cook, Harmon, 1897-1918  
     (son of J.H. and S.L. Cook)  
 Cook, J., 1859-1926  
 Cook, Susan Lenora, 1868-1944  
     (wife of J. Cook)  
 Cox, \_\_\_\_\_, 1926-1926  
     (infant daughter of W.F. & Cora Cox)  
 Cox, \_\_\_\_\_, March 1946  
     (infant son of W.C. & Sarah Cox)  
 Cox, Cora Edge, 1891-1967  
     (wife of William F. Cox)  
 Cox, Harry Dale, 1945-1946  
     (son of Mrs. Norma Cox)  
 Cox, Hettie Lell, 1933-1947  
     (daughter of W.F. and Cora Cox)  
 Cox, Roger B., 1946-1947  
     (son of B.D. & Beulah Cox)  
 Cox, William C., 1924-1947  
 Cox, William D., 1936-1947  
     (son of L.J. & Dalma Cox)  
 Cox, William F., 1892-1951  
 Dew, Allen Joy, 1924-1952  
 Dew, Donnie M., 1928-1956  
 Dew, G.B., Jr 1922-1959  
 Dew, Grover B., 1892-1971  
 Dew, Gussie M., 1893-1963  
     (wife of Grover B. Dew)  
 Dew, Robert Leroy, 1925-1975  
 Dorman, Leamon, 1922-1974  
 Dorman, Lloyd A., 1909-1961  
 Dorman, Reba H., 1913-  
     (wife of Lloyd A. Dorman)  
 Doyal, Lucy, 1898-1973  
 Doyle, J. Perley, 1897-1956  
 Doyle, Nellie S., 1895-  
     (wife of J. Perley Doyle)  
 Edge, Gordon B., 1917-1944  
 Elvis, Genevieve S., 1923-  
     (wife of Morris Gatlin Elvis)



- Elvis, Morris & Norris, July 19, 1945  
(infant sons of Morris & Genevieve Elvis)
- Elvis, Morris Gatlin, 1919-1954
- Faulk, Elbert C., 1916-1919  
(son of Q.C. & Tempie Faulk)
- Faulk, Isadora E., 1870-1911  
(wife of W.F. Faulk)
- Faulk, Leila Rabon, 1918-  
(wife of Quincy C. Faulk)
- Faulk, Quincy C., 1892-1974
- Faulk, Tempie O., 1895-1941  
(wife of Q.C. Faulk)
- Faulk, W.F., 1862-1926
- Fowler, \_\_\_\_\_, 1933-1933  
(infant son of H.D. and Fancie Fowler)
- Fowler, \_\_\_\_\_, 1954-1954  
(infant daughter of L.D. Fowler)
- Gains, Dora, 1910-1928  
(wife of P.T. Gains)
- Gainus, Callie A., 1923-  
(wife of Thales R. Gainus)
- Gainus, Thales R., 1913-1951
- Gearrel, \_\_\_\_\_, born and died June 16,  
1909 (infant son of G.L. & M.S. Gearrel)
- Gerald, Amanda P., 1867-1961
- Gerald, Blantie M., 1901-  
(wife of Lucian C. Gerald)
- Gerald, Coad D., 1904-1956
- Gerald, Cora M., 1890-1964  
(wife of Dexter R. Gerald)
- Gerald, D. Elizabeth, 1863-1934  
(wife of J.O. Gerald)
- Gerald, Dexter R., 1886-1968
- Gerald, Elton Eugene, 1926-1927  
(son of Lucian C. & Blantie M. Gerald)
- Gerald, George Levie, 1884-1958
- Gerald, Grady R., 1914-1944
- Gerald, Herman B., 1920-1957  
(SC PVT Co F 168 Infantry WWII  
BSM-PH)
- Gerald, Hubert L., 1926-1974  
(SC Cpl US Army WWII)
- Gerald, Hurbert L., 1911-1930  
(son of W.C. & Mary Gerald)
- Gerald, J.O., 1857-1895
- Gerald, Jerry B., 1943-1972
- Gerald, Leon Clarence, 1910-1973
- Gerald, Lucian C., 1892-1965
- Gerald, Mary F., 1888-1970  
(wife of Willie G. Gerald)
- Gerald, Ollie G., 1889-1972  
(wife of William H. Gerald)
- Gerald, Shelton, 1896-1943
- Gerald, Stella Faulk, 1888-1966  
(wife of George Levie Gerald)
- Gerald, William H., 1882-1953
- Gerald, Willie G., 1883-1955
- Gore, Charles L., 1937-1968
- Gore, Jeffrey Parker, 1966-1966
- Gore, Rosine C., 1932-  
(wife of Charles L. Gore)
- Graham, \_\_\_\_\_, January 1945  
(infant daughter of Braxton & Brookie  
Graham)
- Grainger, Bessie H., 1913-  
(wife of Hubert H. Grainger)
- Grainger, H.D., 1930-1976
- Grainger, Hubert H., 1909-1959
- Grainger, John C., 1877-1950
- Grainger, Lillie A., 1881-1932  
(wife of John C. Grainger)
- Grainger, Theston A., 1919-1948
- Hardee, Everette T., 1866-1930
- Hardee, Frances, 1890-1891
- Hardee, Gussie T., 1891-1967  
(wife of James E. Hardee)
- Hardee, H. Cornelius, 1856-11891
- Hardee, Hartford H., 1891-
- Hardee, James E., 1892-1952
- Hardee, L.C. 1871-1912
- Hardee, Lois, 1926-1940
- Hardee, Mollie Albertha, 1922-1922
- Hardee, Mollie R., 1899-1948  
(wife of Hartford H. Hardee)
- Hardee, Nathan Leon, 1912-1937
- Harrelson, Louise Diann, 1956-1956
- Harris, Miss Callie E., 1881-1974
- Harris, Grier C., 1877-1950
- Harris, Hubbart M., 1910-1912
- Harris, Ila May, 1929-1930  
(daughter of T.M. & Lee Harris)
- Harris, Monroe (no dates)  
(son of Mr. & Mrs. Grier C. Harris)
- Harris, Nancy Stevens, 1878-1961
- Harris, Thurman McKinley, 1901-1971
- Hodge, Mary Lue, 1941-1942  
(daughter of Coy & Ruth Hodge)
- Hodge, William, 1939-1953
- Hodges, Esther Caldonia, Oct. 1930  
(infant daughter of Samuel K. and Helen  
T. Hodges)



- Hodges, Helen Tyler, 1892-1976  
(wife of Samuel K. Hodges)
- Holmes, Dillon Thomas, Sr., 1889-1949
- Holmes, Lillie Ellen, 1897-1941  
(wife of Rufus F. Holmes)
- Holmes, Mary Boyd, 1892-1940  
(wife of Dillon T. Holmes)
- Holt, Fannie S., 1917-  
(wife of Leon J. Holt)
- Holt, Leon C., 1938-1971
- Holt, Leon J., 1915-1968
- Housand, Ethel M. Faulk, 1908-1934  
(wife of Duffy D. Housand)
- Housand, William Duffy, 1934-1934  
(son of D.D. & Ethel Housand)
- Hyatt, Doris P., 1922-1958
- Hyatt, Robert L., 1944-1972
- Jackson, Hortince Carter, 1888-1956  
(wife of Eli M. Jackson)
- Johnson, G. Earnest, 1906-1952
- Johnson, Stephen L., 1974-1974
- Lewis, Eula Mae Stevens, 1912-  
(wife of Tally Seward Lewis)
- Lewis, James T., 1883-1967
- Lewis, Joseph Edward, 1938-1947
- Lewis, Margaret S., 1884-1948  
(wife of James T. Lewis)
- Lewis, Talley Seward, 1903-1974
- Livingston, Allie H., 1916-1970  
(wife of George C. Livingston)
- Livingston, George C., 1910-
- Livingston, Joseph J., 1886-1958
- Livingston, Minnie C., 1890-1956  
(wife of Joseph J. Livingston)
- Livingston, Robert, 1924-1945
- Long, Vander B., 1891-
- Long, Viola C., 1888-1958  
(wife of Vander B. Long)
- Lovitte, P.M.C., 1871-1946
- Lowder, Jack, 1909-1956
- Lowder, Johnnie R., 1935-1970
- McCrackin, Lillie D., 1884-1923  
(wife of W.J. McCrackin)
- McCrackin, W.J., 1879-1952
- McDowell, Ella, 1893-1933
- McGhee, Mary H., 1941-1941
- Marlow, Levon, 1934-1934  
(son of Mr. and Mrs. Blease Marlow)
- Martin, Dougal, 1849-1926
- Martin, Dougal Pertel, 1936-1956
- Martin, Serena, 1853-1927  
(wife of Dougal Martin)
- Martin, Walter W., 1885-1942
- Melton, Samuel Walter, 1893-1958
- Milligan, \_\_\_\_\_, Nov. 16, 1935  
(infant son of Worley & Lida M. Milligan)
- Mincey, Asberry, 1870-1948
- Mincey, Hattie S., 1875-1937  
(wife of Asberry Mincey)
- Mincy, Dorethe, 1905-1907  
(daughter of A.B. & Hattie Mincy)
- Mincy, Luda M., 1900-1907  
(daughter of A.B. & Hattie Mincy)
- Mishoe, C.H., 1887-1944
- Mishoe, Clayton B., 1923-1976  
(married Peggy P. Mishoe Aug. 9, 1952)
- Mishoe, Cora Boyd, 1900-1939  
(wife of Perry Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Elsie, July 27, 1923  
(daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H.H. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Eula Stevens, 1917-  
(wife of Perry Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Gairy, July 12, 1935  
(son of Mr. & Mrs. H.H. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, George T., 1927-1930
- Mishoe, Gertrude B., 1898-1962  
(wife of Stanley J. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Harvey H., 1895-1952  
(SC Pvt Co C 384 Inf 96 Div WWI)
- Mishoe, Leuvenia, 1898-1923  
(wife of Harvey H. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Loyes Jean, 1947-1948  
(daughter of Onzalo & Rubell Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Mae Elliott, 1924-1972
- Mishoe, Manning M., 1888-1970  
(SC Pvt 89 Inf WWI)
- Mishoe, Martha F., 1865-1935  
(Wife of G.H. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Mattie S., 1901-  
(wife of Pert Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Onzalo Lloyd, 1924-1973  
(SC S Sgt US Air Force Korea)
- Mishoe, Palmer Corlenius, 1920-1920  
(son of C.H. and S.O. Mishoe)
- Mishoe, Peggy P., 1935-  
(married Clayton B. Mishoe Aug. 9, 1952)
- Mishoe, Perry, 1900-1962
- Mishoe, Pert, 1903-1953
- Mishoe, Rubell T., 1927-  
(wife of Onzalo Lloyd Mishoe)
- Mishoe, S.O., 1888-1932



- (wife of C.H. Mishoe)  
 Mishoe, Sammie M., 1901-  
 (wife of Manning M. Mishoe)  
 Mishoe, Shelby Gene, 1949-1950  
 (son of Mr. & Mrs. G.D. Mishoe)  
 Mishoe, Stanley J., 1894-  
 Moore, Johnie, 1914-1919  
 Norton, Gladys Stevens, 1915-  
 (wife of Marvin Lee Norton)  
 Norton, Lizzie A., 1917-1968  
 (wife of Lonnie Norton)  
 Norton, Lonnie, 1915-  
 Norton, Marvin Lee, 1910-1976  
 Page, Allen Mc., 1909-1966  
 Page, Donnie M., 1935-1973  
 (SR US Navy)  
 Page, Elvie Hodges, 1914-  
 (wife of Allen Mc. Page)  
 Page, Esta Mae, 1930-1931  
 (daughter of A.C. & Elvie Page)  
 Page, Hartford Grainger, 1913-1915  
 Page, Mary Alice, 1884-1962  
 (wife of Sidney Page)  
 Page, Ruby, 1917-1919  
 Page, Sidney, Sr., 1877-1944  
 Parker, Grettie H., 1893-1960  
 Pridgen, Danny Lynn, 1948-1955  
 (son of Boyd & Estelle Pridgen)  
 Pridgen, Evander Lee, 1908-1962  
 Prince, Daniel F. (no dates)  
 (Co. H, 51 NC Inf CSA)  
 Quick, \_\_\_\_\_, 1943-1943  
 (infant son of Mr. & Mrs. L.R. Quick)  
 Ray, \_\_\_\_\_, b. and d. Oct. 10, 1920  
 (infant son of F.A. & D.B. Ray)  
 Ray, Dollie Betris, 1900-1923  
 Ray, J.F., 1922-1927  
 (son of Mr. & Mrs. F.A. Ray)  
 Richardson, Nina C., 1903-1938  
 Roger, Ethel Lee, 1922-1976  
 Russ, Alita R., 1915-1915  
 Russ, Clinton, 1930-1930  
 (son of Lucian & Rosa Russ)  
 Russ, Lucian, 1887-1954  
 Russ, Rosa S., 1895-1941  
 (wife of Lucian Russ)  
 Sarvis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1931  
 (infant daughter of D.J.S. & Gussie Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Ada Abbott, 1930-  
 (wife of Bowden James Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Bettie S., 1883-1975  
 (wife of John A. Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Bowden James, 1927-1969  
 (F1 USNR WWII)  
 Sarvis, Carolyn Mae, 1938-1938  
 (daughter of Clifton Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Charles E., 1940-1958  
 Sarvis, D.J. Scarborough, 1891-1963  
 Sarvis, Dock B. 1907-1967  
 Sarvis, Dock B., Jr., 1935-1958  
 Sarvis, Dock J., 1861-1931  
 Sarvis, George McCoy, 1892-1933  
 Sarvis, Gussie Lewis, 1906-  
 (wife of D.J. Scarborough Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Ila Arine, June 30, 1915  
 Sarvis, James S., 1862-1919  
 Sarvis, John A. 1883-1953  
 Sarvis, Joseph L., 1886-1955  
 Sarvis, Lena R., 1900-  
 (wife of Roscoe Z. Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Lutie Tyler, 1903-  
 (wife of William James Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Mary O., 1891-1966  
 (wife of Joseph L. Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, Roscoe Z., 1905-1965  
 Sarvis, Vernon T., 1907-1907  
 (son of J.L. & M.O. Sarvis)  
 Sarvis, William James, 1897-1962  
 Sarvis, Willie, 1926-1964  
 Shannon, Janie., 1900-1963  
 (wife of Lewis C. Shannon)  
 Shannon, Lewis C., 1895-1970  
 Simmons, Perry Mace, 1895-1951  
 (SC Pfc 156 Depot Brigade WWI)  
 Simmons, Theodore, 1926-1926  
 Skipper, Elizabeth Ann, 1843-1910  
 (wife of John B. Skipper)  
 Skipper, Rev. John B., 1836-1919  
 Smith, Minnie Gause, 1885-1957  
 (wife of William Isaiah Smith)  
 Smith, William Isaiah, 1887-1953  
 Spivey, Tracy L., 1969-1977  
 Stalvey, J.T., 1872-1944  
 Stalvey, Mrs. John, d. June 12, 1952 (age 60 years)  
 Staub, Gladys, 1950-1975  
 Stephens, Mildred, 1927-1929  
 (daughter of Sam & Marinda Stevens)  
 Stevens, \_\_\_\_\_, Jan. 12, 1962  
 (infant son of Donnie & Vera B. Stevens)



- Stevens, Ardella (no dates) (age about 55)  
 Stevens, Ben S., 1861-1925  
 Stevens, Ben S., 1932-1975  
 Stevens, Bonnie Eugene, 1923-1968  
 Stevens, Brookie M., 1894-1923  
 (World War veteran 1917-1918)  
 Stevens, Charity, 1845-1889  
 Stevens, Chasie Viola, 1888-1968  
 Stevens, Clara Mae, 1941-1943  
 Stevens, Dallas Willie, 1932-1934  
 Stevens, Daniel F. (no dates)  
 (Co. B. 10 SC Inf CSA)  
 Stevens, Daniel Y., March 3, 1974  
 Stevens, Davis Willie, 1886-1934  
 (served WW 1917-1918)  
 Stevens, Dora Martin, 1892-1963)  
 (wife of Joseph R. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Duston  
 (infant son of Mr. & Mrs. D.Y. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Edna Mae, 1914-  
 (wife of Davis Willie Stevens))  
 Stevens, Elgie Lewis, 1910-1948  
 (wife of G.E. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Emma Evelyn, 1910-1911  
 Stevens, Estalee, 1921-1935  
 (daughter of W.H. & Mary F. Stevens)  
 Stevens, G.L., 1876-1954  
 Stevens, G. Walter, 1902-1959  
 Stevens, H.B., 1889-1891  
 Stevens, Hosey (no dates) (age 65)  
 Stevens, Isaac J., 1850-1929  
 Stevens, Issac (no dates) (age 25)  
 Stevens, Jean W., 1935-  
 (wife of Ben S. Stevens)  
 Stevens, John (no dates) (age about 50)  
 Stevens, Joseph H., 1916-1969  
 (PFC US Army WWII)  
 Stevens, Joseph R., 1886-1951  
 Stevens, Leo Blease, 1913-1975  
 Stevens, Lewis M. 1875-1953  
 Stevens, Lois Helen, 1944-1944  
 (daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H.L. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Lonnie James, 1912-1973  
 Stevens, Lucian F., 1888-1920  
 Stevens, Marinda, 1889-  
 (wife of Sam Stevens)  
 Stevens, Martha J., 1885-1906  
 Stevens, Mary E., 1862-1948  
 (wife of Ben S. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Mary F. Todd, 1892-1966  
 (wife of W. Harley Stevens)  
 Stevens, Mary R., 1859-1898  
 (wife of S.M. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Nancy S., 1882-1957  
 (wife of G.L. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Rev. Nathan E., 1902-1955  
 Stevens, Orphie (no dates) (age 90)  
 Stevens, Raleigh R., 1912-1948  
 Stevens, Robbie Othell, 1912-1970  
 (Married Mildred Ray Nov. 20, 1937)  
 Stevens, Rosa E., 1892-  
 (wife of Daniel Y. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Sam, 1877-1948  
 Stevens, Samuel M., 1857-1910  
 Stevens, Theresa A., 1849-1937  
 (wife of Isaac J. Stevens)  
 Stevens, Velma Benton, 1915-  
 (wife of Lonnie James Stevens)  
 Stevens, W. Harley, 1885-1953  
 Stevins, Versie L., 1903-1907  
 (daughter of L.D. & M.E. Stevins)  
 Suggs, \_\_\_\_\_ (three infants, separate  
 stones, sons of Mr. & Mrs. W.A. Suggs,  
 no dates)  
 Suggs, \_\_\_\_\_, Dec. 3, 1903  
 (infant son of Mr. & Mrs. Ben J. Suggs)  
 Suggs, Addie Shannon, 1891-1967  
 (wife of Ferdinand Derrick Suggs)  
 Suggs, Albert Alton, 1916-1969  
 (married Doris Miller Dec. 26, 1936)  
 Suggs, Alvie T., 1871-1958  
 Suggs, Audey Orby, 1921-1965 (SC Pfc US  
 Army WWII PH, married Lucile S.  
 Suggs Dec. 15, 1943)  
 Suggs, Ben J., 1875-1938  
 Suggs, Brookie L., 1920-1935  
 (daughter of F.D. & Addie Suggs)  
 Suggs, Carolina, 1867-1934  
 (wife of J.F. Suggs)  
 Suggs, Docia Elizabeth Hodge, 1887-1968  
 (wife of Thomas Tilton Suggs)  
 Suggs, Ferdinand Derrick, 1873-1943  
 Suggs, Flora M., Aug. 22, 1930  
 (daughter of F.D. & Addie Suggs)  
 Suggs, Folley Asbury, 1928-1934  
 (Son of M.T. & Cora Suggs)  
 Suggs, Ivey, 1916-1934  
 (son of T.T. & Docia Suggs)  
 Suggs, Johnnie Williams, 1909-1915  
 Suggs, Louisa C. (1883-1966)  
 (wife of Ben J. Suggs)  
 Suggs, Louise, 1919-1919)  
 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Suggs)



- Suggs, L. Ellen, 1880-1957  
(wife of W. Albert Suggs)
- Suggs, L. Gasque, 1883-1954
- Suggs, Lela Gertrue, 1906-1906  
(daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ben J. Suggs)
- Suggs, Lucile S., 1926-  
(married Audey Orby Suggs Dec. 15, 1943)
- Suggs, Lucy L., 1872-  
(wife of Alvie T. Suggs)
- Suggs, Mace, Nov. 28, 1901
- Suggs, Mae 1911-  
(wife of Ottis Suggs)
- Suggs, Ottis, 1914-1955
- Suggs, Prettie T., 1888-  
(wife of L. Gasque Suggs)
- Suggs, Robert, 1910-1929  
(son of T.T. & Docia Suggs)
- Suggs, Ruth Joan, 1941-1944
- Suggs, Thomas Tilton, 1883-1954
- Suggs, W. Albert, 1868-1936
- Suggs, Warren D., Oct 8, 1973  
(son of Mr. & Mrs. Dale Suggs)
- Suggs, William Derrick, 1925-1963
- Thompson, Curtis Lloyd, 1920-1923  
(son of R.K. & Cinda Thompson)
- Thompson, Myers, 1915-1967  
(Colorado PFC 1375 Base Unit AAF WWII)
- Todd, C.G., Jr., 1935-1945
- Todd, Effie, 1874-1942
- Todd, Mack C., 1895-1973
- Todd, Newsom G., 1906-1949
- Todd, O.E, d. Sept. 18, 1932 (age 73 yrs.)
- Todd, Stokes, 1902-1931
- Todd, Theta La Jane Todd, 1943-1943  
(daughter of Mr. and Mrs J.M. Todd)
- Tyler, \_\_\_\_\_, 1910-1910  
(infant daughter of J.H. & Ella Tyler)
- Tyler, Anette, 1866-1919
- Tyler, Arthur W., 1916-
- Tyler, Aubrey L., 1913-
- Tyler, Bertha, 1900-1908  
(daughter of J.H. & Ella Tyler)
- Tyler, Callie E., 1857-1930  
(wife of E.G Tyler)
- Tyler, Chellie, 1905-1906  
(daughter of J.H. & Ella Tyler)
- Tyler, Clara Fama, 1923-  
(wife of Jesse James Tyler)
- Tyler, Daniel K., 1905-1937
- Tyler, Dorothy, 1932-1932  
(daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H.J. Tyler)
- Tyler, E.G., 1851-1932
- Tyler, Edward Clifton, 1919-1970
- Tyler, Effie Mae P., 1906-  
(wife of Newsome N. Tyler)
- Tyler, Elizabeth, 1812-1886  
(wife of John Tyler)
- Tyler, Ella Edge, 1877-1944  
(wife of Rev. Tillie M. Tyler)
- Tyler, Eula C., 1915-1964  
(wife of Aubrey L. Tyler)
- Tyler, Eva S., 1894-1972
- Tyler, Francis L., 1897-1968  
(wife of Levy G. Tyler)
- Tyler, George M., 1889-1938
- Tyler, Giles, I., 1891-1950
- Tyler, Grace, 1931-1946  
(daughter of Ralph & Carrie Tyler)
- Tyler, Gussie T., 1914-  
(wife of Woodrow Tyler)
- Tyler, Gwinnie G., 1918-1974  
(wife of Arthur W. Tyler)
- Tyler, Harley M., 1869-1943
- Tyler, Harvey Othell, 1925-1927  
(son of J.M. and Nancy Tyler)
- Tyler, Helon, 1897-1920  
(First wife of G.I. Tyler)
- Tyler, Henry John, 1884-1951
- Tyler, Howard, 1919-1920  
(Son of Grover & Jeanetta Tyler)
- Tyler, Irene, 1925-1925
- Tyler, J.H., 1860-1947
- Tyler, J.P., 1863-1934
- Tyler, James Dewey, 1939-1940
- Tyler, James Thomas, 1931-1948
- Tyler, James Thomas, 1934-1976
- Tyler, Jasper Z., 1894-1967
- Tyler, Jessie James, 1922-1971  
(Pvt US Army WWII)
- Tyler, John, 1814-1890
- Tyler, John A., 1870-1942
- Tyler, Johnny Jerome, 1966-1968  
(son of Johnny H. & Ernestine Tyler)
- Tyler, L.M., 1911-1913  
(daughter of H.J. & Mary Tyler)
- Tyler, Levy G., 1899-1958
- Tyler, Lewis G., 1877-1949
- Tyler, Linda Faye, 1956-1957
- Tyler, Loria S., 1872-1951  
(wife of Harley M. Tyler)
- Tyler, Lucindie, 1899-1926
- Tyler, Mack G., Sr., 1887-1944



Tyler, Martha, 1879-1922  
 (wife of J.P. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Martha J., 1916-1916  
 Tyler, Mary A., 1892-1936  
 (wife of H.J. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mary Barnhill, 1921-  
 (wife of the Rev. N. Emmett Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mry E., 1869-1947  
 (wife of J.H. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mary Ellen, 1869-1914  
 (wife of William Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mary F., 1885-1966  
 Tyler, Mary L., 1910-  
 (wife of Nathan Kinley Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mary P., 1898-1966  
 (wife of Jasper Z. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Mary W., d. July 14, 1959  
 Tyler, Mattie Manthy, 1894-1973  
 Tyler, Minnie, 1891-1899  
 (daughter of J.H. & Ella Tyler)  
 Tyler, Rev. N. Emmett, 1915-1975  
 Tyler, Nancy (no dates)  
 Tyler, Nancy Todd, 1900-1951  
 (wife of J.M. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Nathan Kinley, 1902-1971  
 Tyler, Newsome N., 1901-  
 Tyler, Ofell, 1929-1970  
 (son of Nathan & Mary L. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Pearly Sarvis, 1889-1929  
 (wife of L.G. Tyler)  
 Tyler, Ralph, 1900-1973  
 Tyler, Rebecca I., 1875-1924  
 Tyler, Rollie Leon, 1915-1956  
 Tyler, S.G., 1867-1932  
 Tyler, Sam M., 1900-1934  
 Tyler, Sarah E., 1844-1913  
 Tyler, Rev. Tillie M., 1873-1955  
 Tyler, William, 1864-1950  
 Tyler, Woodrow, 1912-1975  
 (Pvt US Army WWII)  
 Villalobas, Virginia Doyle 1931-1957  
 Willoughby, Minnie, 1903-1927  
 (wife of G. [OR C] T. Willoughby)

## INFORMATION SOUGHT

PATTERSON, FUTRILL. "Both of my grandparents, Patterson and Futril, came from Horry County, Loris, S.C., and we are trying to find out all we can about them." - Mrs. S.P. Tapley, Sr., P.O. Box 1, Woodbine, Georgia 31569

GRAHAM. "My great-great grandparents left Horry County c1853 for Texas. They were George Marsdon Graham and Sarah Elizabeth Cox. County deeds and family information show that their parents were respectively William B. and Jane Graham and Peter Cox of Cox's Ferry, Savannah Bluff plantation. Most of George Marsdon Graham's brothers and sisters also came to Texas, in Milam Co. However, two I found buried next to or under the Kingston Presbyterian Church, Thos. & Elizabeth Sessions and William I. Graham and wife. There is little more known on the two families. Family tradition says that William B. Graham's father was William Senr. who was the emigrant from Scotland along with brother John. John had no children but William Senr. had two sons Wm. B. and John. This second John also had no children according to family tradition. If you think you can help I would greatly appreciate it. Also if I could be of any help I would be more than glad to do so." - James Morris Farmer, 737 Paddock Path, Moorestown, N.J. 08057

SESSIONS. "My information on Josias Sessions, the Revolutionary War soldier is fragmentary. The War Archives records in Washington, D.C. list him as being from Craven County, S.C. and from that part of Craven County that later became known as All Saints parish. That, of course, means that he lived in what is now Horry County. His father's name was Solomon Sessions. Josias enlisted in the year 1777. I am most interested in learning all I can about this particular man and who his family was." - George Q. Sessions, 109 Judy Street, Williston, S.C. 29853

ROWELL. "During the past year I've been trying to work on my mother's family, the Rowells. I've gone back to my greatgrandfather, William, found a copy of his will, his estate including various landholdings, and slaves by name, but would you believe I can't find out who his father was. The family - and it is large - is so full of Williams that I can't get it straight." - Mrs. James H. Felkel, 117 Holly Drive, Hartsville, S.C. 29550

JORDAN. Do you know anyone who



might be working on a Jordan family history from Horry County? I have been searching in vain for the maiden name of the wife of Henry Durant Jordan (1806-1850). Her name has been given as both Judith and Julia. H.D. Jordan's father was John Jordan who died late 1839 or early 1840. His wife was Hannah Anderson, dau. of Robert Anderson. Marriage contract dated May 16, 1805. There are two Williams and one Robert Jordan who left wills but they all seemed to duplicate names. So, I need information on both families. Mrs. Alan J. Tingleff, 4130 Spartan Lane, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30083

## THE LIBRARY HAS IT

by Catherine H. Lewis, Librarian  
Horry County Memorial Library

The most recent acquisition which will aid family researchers is an *Index to South Carolina Land Grants 1784-1800* (Accelerated Indexing Systems, 1977, 164 p.). This alphabetical listing will give the seeker a clue to whether a visit to the S.C. Archives would be helpful. It is a great disappointment that the information given does not include the county in which the land is located, but it does give the year of the grant. A really useful feature for persons who may be unfamiliar with placenames in this state is a list of the watercourses mentioned in these grants and their location.

We have also recently added the *Biographical Dictionary of the Confederacy* compiled by John L. Wakelyn (Greenwood Press, 1977). This will be useful both to the Civil War buff and the genealogical researcher.

Mrs. Lou Floy Watts Milligan, Rt. 1, Box 252, Tabor City, N.C., has given us copies of family charts prepared by students at Loris High School in 1970. One set of these will be kept in the reference collection at the main library and the other will be available at Loris Branch Library.

## HORRY LANGUAGE

During Campaign '76 "born again Christian" hit the news media as a quaint and provincial idiom. In fact, it is understood by persons of all faiths who were "bawn and raised" below the Mason-Dixon line. People of the Pee Dee and Plains, gentlemen from Greenville and Georgia have an abiding faith that threads through their speech.

This colyum (column) is devoted to expressions heard in Horry. Some have been borrowed, some brought by newcomers, and others are indigenous to The Independent Republic. The list below reflects agricultural and religious heritage. Readers are encouraged to submit contributions.

### GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS:

I'll see you tomorrow, if life lasts. I'll do it, ef'n I lives 'n' nuttin' happen. I feels po'ly, thank the Lord. I feel high on the stalk (reference to the small tobacco leaves left after most of it has been cropped.).

### FOOD

That's not enough to say grace over (the meal is meager).

A "chance" of tomatoes is more than a "mess", which is enough for a meal. "A regular hog-killin' time" is a very good time, indeed.

"I seen you digging potatoes, how did they rise?" (what was the yield in bushels?)

### COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED:

When God closes the door, he opens a window. God can find a way out of no way. "Another angel in heaven," an inscription frequently found on an infant's tombstone.

### WEATHER:

A Methodist rain is a brief shower, whereas a "Babtis" rain is a downpour. This refers, of course, to the difference in baptismal ceremony of each denomination.

AER



CHURCHMAN, J. C. 1888  
100-210-14848  
INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF AMERICA

CHURCHMAN, J. C. 1888  
100-210-14848  
INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF AMERICA



might be working on a Jordan family history from Henry County? I have been searching in vain for the maiden name of the wife of Henry Durant Jordan (1804-1860). Her name has been given as both Judith and Julia H. D. Jordan's father was John Jordan who died late 1839 or early 1840. His wife was Hannah Anderson, dau. of Robert Anderson. Marriage contract dated May 16, 1840. There are two Williams and one Robert when the wills but they all seemed to displace names. So, I need information on both families. Mrs. John J. Thigbalt, 4150 Spawter Lane, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30083.

## THE LIBRARY HAS IT

by Catherine H. Lewis, Librarian  
Henry County Memorial Library

The most recent acquisition which will aid family researchers is an *Index to South Carolina Land Grants, 1784-1862* (Academy of Historical Geography, 1977), 164 p.h. This publication, listing and giving the grantees a clue to whether a visit to the S.C. Archives would be helpful. It is a great disappointment that the information given does not include the county in which the land is located, but it does give the year of the grant. A really useful feature for persons who may be unfamiliar with placement in this state is a list of the watercourses mentioned in these grants and their location.

We have also recently added the *Biographical Dictionary of the Confederacy* compiled by John L. Walshyn (Greenwood Press, 1977). This will be useful both to the Civil War buff and the genealogical researcher.

Mrs. Lou Floy Watts Milligan, Rt. 1, Box 552, Taber City, N.C., has given us copies of family charts prepared by students at Lewis High School in 1970. One set of them will be kept in the reference collection of the main library and the other will be available at Lewis Branch Library.

During Campaign '90, the Independent Republic Quarterly has been a Christian, but the new credo is not and provincial ideas. In fact, it is stood by persons of all faiths. "Have and value" below the line. People of the Free Diet and I am chairman from Greenville and Conway as a whole faith that threads through speech.

This column featured is devoted to persons based in Henry County. Some have been borrowed, some brought by newcomers and others are indigenous to The Independent Republic. The list below represents agricultural and religious heritage. Readers are encouraged to submit contributions.

## GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS

I'll see you tomorrow, if the facts I'll do it, if I live, in a nation. I feel no by thank the Lord. I feel faith on the still preference to the strong, tobacco leaves left after most of it has been swapped.

## FOOD

That I have thought to my place over (the need is urgent).

A "change" of location is more than a "move", which is enough for a move. A regular suggestion that is a very good time, indeed.

"I even just thought of it, how did it come?" (what was the yield in business?)

## COMFORT FOR THE HEAVENLY

When God closes the book, he opens a window. God can find a way out of any way. "Another angel" is heaven, an inscription frequently found on an infant's tombstone.

## WEATHER

A Methodist right is a broad churchman. A "bible" run is a church. This refers, of course, to the different baptisms of each denomination.